
HUEY PIERCE LONG

Mr. President, I insert at this point the eloquent funeral oration delivered at the grave of Senator Long by the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, which is as follows:

FUNERAL ORATION DELIVERED BY REV. GERALD L. K. SMITH

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. (John 15: 13.)

The lives of great men do not end with the grave. They just begin. This place marks not the resting place of HUEY PIERCE LONG; it marks only the burial ground for his body. His spirit shall not rest as long as hungry bodies cry for food, as long as lean human frames stand naked, as long as homeless wretches haunt this land of plenty.

His affection for these sufferers was stronger than the flesh and is as everlasting as the soul. Hatred cannot touch him now; malice cannot reach him more. He sleeps in the shadow of the spire which he gave the sky, sepulchred close by this emblem which he raised.

He fell in the line of duty. He died for us. This tragedy fires the breast of every comrade. This untimely death makes restless the souls of us who adored him. We cannot be appeased by flattery; we cannot be set at ease by superficial consolation. The ideals which he planted in our hearts have created a gnawing hunger for a new order. This hunger pain, this parching thirst for better things can only be healed and satisfied by the completion of that victory toward which he led us.

To summarize the influence and the noble attributes of this man is as though one went out to measure the boundary of a lake only to discover that he was on the arm of an ocean. In him there was no touch of religious prejudice, but at all times a warm, deep faith in God.

In answer to a query which I made in his home one Sunday, he replied: "I know, Brother Smith, that the arms of God are about me every moment."

Can it be that God consented to this fate in order that by this dramatic exit he might retire from the battleground of political torture to find the quiet of eternity, while at the same time his torch was left to light our way?

In him there was no trace of racial antipathy. Mental wizard was this man, and we who hovered close to him never ceased to marvel at the instinctive, intuitive workings of this mental giant. Social crusader, thinking at all times of victory and power only

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as they related to a better social order. Educational statesman, determined that his children and the children of his neighbors should not be handicapped as he was. Political genius, so much so that his passing, so they think, has relived the arch-enemies of his crusade the world around. An orator supreme, speaking the words of the masses in campaigns and at the same time recording in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD a series of senatorial addresses supreme in rhetoric, artistic in style, permanent in value.

A statesman true, whose leadership led out so far ahead that short-sighted contemporaries were unable to see the star which he followed.

A tender father, a loving husband, lost to a family willing to give him up for the sake of his broader calling. A loyal friend, whose memory of tasks well done seemed flawless.

A musical heart that loved the songs of the common people and revealing a talent that for want of time lacked full expression. A writer with a pen that could warm the soil, comfort the body, and fire the imagination.

He knew not the definition of disloyalty. He was a builder, a trail blazer, a ruthless foe of delay, a burner of red tape, a violent enemy of retrogression. Progress was the sweetheart of his soul. He divorced the past, he wedded the present, he wooed the future. He was the personification of intellectual courage, a masterful dynamo of personality. A symbol of the mass mind, he reacted normally to the cries and to the pains and to the psychology of the common people.

The Bible was his favorite text. Its truth to him, profound authority. Drama was his natural art. A humorist of superior quality. An actor whose stage was his work, whose scenery the people about him. When he passed by all eyes were fastened on him, watching tensely to see something that had never been seen before, listening intently for something that had never been said before, and he never disappointed.

To you, the aged father, your loins produced a giant of history, whose mother will always live through the boundless influence of her illustrious son.

To you, the relatives, close and removed, three generations hence your descendants will boast of your kinship to this fallen hero.

To you, the beloved wife, comrade in a million struggles, sufferer in a thousand defeats, rejoicer in 10,000 victories, be comforted in the knowledge that every moment of the remainder of your life you will have the memory of tasks well done, of services sacrificially performed, and of prophecies yet to be fulfilled.

HUEY PIERCE LONG

To you, sweet children, you tender offspring, forever will the works of your great father be engraved on the tablet pages of the indestructible book of history.

To you, the officials of state, the companions of political strategy, crusaders in a common cause, count memorable the day you first heard the mention of his name. The time will come when to say that you even touched his hand will be the most potent interest in your life.

This blood which dropped upon this soil shall seal our hearts together. Take up the torch, complete the task, subdue selfish ambition, sacrifice for the sake of victory.

I was with him when he died. I said "Amen" as he breathed his last. His final prayer was this: "O God, don't let me die; I have a few things more to do." The work which he left undone we must complete. As one with no political ambition and who seeks no gratuities at the hand of the State, I challenge you, my comrades, to complete the task.

O God, why did we have to lose him?

With his removal from the arena of political activity it will no longer be necessary for any force to suppress liberal and accurate descriptions of his mighty work. Like other martyrs, from the moment of his death forth there will be an ever-widening and deepening understanding of the true greatness of this apostle of progress.

Some day the people will sit on the heights above their selfish prejudices and look upon the real man that he was. Some day they will know, some day they will understand.

Children of generations unborn will be rescued from drudgery, guarded against hunger, protected from ignorance because of the life and work of HUEY PIERCE LONG.

God willed, God ruled, God commanded Destiny to make him great. He was the victim of every form of persecution and abuse, struggling every moment of his public life under the cross of misrepresentation and the burden of misunderstanding, sacrificed to blind prejudice, but these only served in violation of precedent and convention to lift him higher and higher into the stratosphere of greatness. These tortures seemed to mark his course. They increased his necessity.

His unlimited talents invariably aroused the jealousies of those inferiors who posed as his equals. More than once—yes, many times—he has been the wounded victim of the Green Goddess; to

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use the figure, he was the Stradivarius whose notes rose in competition with jealous drums, envious tom-toms. His was the unfinished symphony.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud:
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.